



The Student's Pen

April, 1923



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The STUDENT'S PEN

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EDITORIALS

A Suggestion

The assembly of March 20 has again opened up to discussion the question of adequate auditorium room in the high school. It is being discussed by all the pupils, and is, in fact, one of the main topics of interest.

My attention was brought to the realization of this need at the assembly when Senator Walsh addressed the students of the Pittsfield and Commercial High Schools. On that day the students of these two schools, numbering in all about 1,000, were crowded into 800 seats. Some pupils were standing, some were seated two in a seat, while some were even sitting on the floor in the balcony. The situation was, indeed, one of the most difficult the high school has had to cope with in many years.

This was not the only time. Just recall the graduation exercises held twice a year. Has not the number of people who have come to see their daughters, sons and friends graduate always exceeded the number of seats? At all these times, and when such men as Congressman Upshaw and Senator Walsh have addressed the pupils, the same inadequate seating conditions have been apparent.

Now you will say, "What is the benefit of stating facts already only too well known? There is no remedy. Nothing can be done." But there is a remedy which can be applied and which will produce a two-fold result. It is to build out the back of the auditorium toward Second Street. It seems certain that Pittsfield will not own a new high school for many years to come. Since there is little encouragement in the order of a new building, why not make the best use of what it already has? The expense incurred would be nothing in comparison with the benefit the students would derive from the greater seating capacity.

Now I shall tell you of the other way in which it will benefit the student body. No doubt there would be a basement of some kind under the new projection. Why not make it into a gymnasium and thus facilitate and improve the physical training course for the students? If not a gym, why not a study hall? This last is a critical need, for concentration on study in recitation rooms is very difficult, at times, almost impossible. These are but immediate benefits which would result from my plan.

What Is a Gentleman?

According to some views "gentleman" is a name given to men of a certain class or of a certain rank. In England, for example, these distinctions are to be found. In a limited sense the term is applied to men of a certain social rank; that is, to men having coats-of-arms but no titles, thus ranked between the no-

bility and yeomanry. In a wider sense, the term is applied to all men of a certain class; that is, all men above the rank of yeomen.

In America, however, our conception of a gentleman is not based on rank or social standing, but upon character. No matter whether a man be a yeoman, laborer, merchant, professor or classed among the "400," he is not a gentleman unless he possesses those qualities which we demand in a fine character.

The first essential qualities are courtesy and politeness in manners and speech. Secondly, he must be courageous and kind, possessing some of the chivalry of knights of old. He should be distinguished from others by his consideration for them and their feelings. Lastly, but by no means least, he should be upright with a fine sense of honor. As Emerson said in his essay on "Manners:" "The gentleman is the man of truth, lord of his own actions and expressing that lordship in his behaviour."

An Interview with Senator Walsh

How different it is to hear a person speak when you are a part of a large audience, and to hear him speak when you are the only recipient of his words. I felt this difference just a short time ago when Senator Walsh spoke at the High School. It was with pleasure and interest that I heard him address the student body in the auditorium. But when I found myself in the office waiting for a personal interview with so famous a man, my feelings changed from pleasure to pure delight, and from common interest to excitement. Probably there was also just a hint of wonder and awe within me. But why I should have felt like this I do not know, for when I actually met him, all of those slight traces bordering on fear quickly vanished and I forgot that I was talking to such a distinguished person as a senator. I was soon put at my ease and before long I was conversing with him as freely as though he were one of my teachers.

During the short time in which I spoke to him, Mr. Walsh expressed an opinion regarding military training in the high schools for boys. He said that although one could never tell, he did not believe there would be another war within the next ten years. In regard to military training he stated that he would not advise it for boys of high school age, especially the drastic kind of training that they have in Germany. It is his opinion that instead of warding off a war, military training would arouse the fighting spirit and bring on war. However, he spoke highly of the physical training classes which give the boys a wonderful training.

It was indeed with much regret that I took leave of this illustrious gentleman, thanking him for the interview which he had so kindly given me.

Elizabeth White '24



The First Crusade of Richard of Dunbridge

It was late morning in the glorious month of May. As the magic of Mother Nature was as powerful in 1175 as it is today, little Richard, son of the Earl of Dunbridge, had a bad attack of wanderlust. He fidgeted on his hard wooden stool and replied absentmindedly to the questions of Alfred, his tutor. The old Latin texts had never seemed so unbearable and the little tower room had never seemed so stifling. His gaze wandered to the narrow window over whose wide ledge crept a tendril of ivy which seemed to beckon to him as the breeze moved it. Little white clouds scudded in their enviable freedom through the deep blue sky.

At this time, Richard of the Lion Heart was preparing for a crusade against the Saracens. Little Richard had seen his two older brothers go forth to war. Their gleaming armor, their prancing steeds, their boasts of future glory had sent shivers of joy down his spine as he thought that some day he too could ride against the infidels; but a lump came into his throat when he recalled how far in the future this great happiness was. What wonder was it that this joyous spring day, on which anything was possible, should be elected by little Richard as the day on which he would begin his expedition to Palestine?

A very simple plan had already formed in his mind. His blue eyes were sparkling but, alas, not with interest in his lesson.

"Where should this verb be placed?" gently asked Alfred.

"Ask Dame Ann. I know not the places of everything," and Richard resumed his dream crusade.

"Truly, Master Richard, it seemeth to me that you know the places of nothing. The place for dreaming is in your bed. You have not answered rightly a single question which I have put to you. Go out in the park and play, for 'tis of no use to attempt to teach you with the very weather conspiring against me."

Alfred smiled, for he remembered his own boyhood when the books had often met defeat at the hands of charming Mother Nature. Considering the manner of Richard's descent of the stone tower stairs, his safe arrival at the bottom was little short of miraculous. He flew across the warm courtyard to the kitchen where the master of his commissary department held sway. The old cook had furnished with supplies many an expedition before this and he knew Richard's tastes.

"Good day, Master Richard. I am glad to see that Alfred has given you a holiday. It's a fine day for a battle. What is your plan of campaign for today?"

"Well, Berthold, I-I don't think I'll be a king today. I am going to be just a plain knight and ride in white armour on a big white horse to Palestine just like Geoffrey and Charles."

Richard anxiously scanned the face of the old cook to see if he had any suspicion that he was going to do just as he had said. When he saw only the same kindly expression he became confident again.

"I have some fine things ready for you so that you won't be hungry till you come to some hospitable castle. I will fetch it now and you can start off."

The crusader took the provisions which had an odor that seemed to advise an early lunch. He carefully hid them behind a bush near the gate of the castle.

Arms formed his next need, so he started for the armory. All the suits of mail were much too big for him but the armorer at the village would make him one. His father's great sword was on the wall. Richard wanted this very badly, and with the aid of a big oaken chair, he obtained it. On a high shelf was a beautiful silver helmet almost small enough for him. After many narrow escapes and much stretching he grasped it. Just as he had pulled it to the edge of the shelf, it fell, making a great clamor among a pile of sheathed swords on the floor. This din attracted no less a personage than Dame Ann, the housekeeper, who raised her hands in horror, muttering something about a meddlesome little rascal. Nevertheless the proud light in her eyes betrayed the anger in her voice as she told Richard to be more careful of the prized helmet. Then she went away, leaving Richard's heart relieved but still fluttering. He climbed down from the chair and fearfully examined the helmet to see if the fall had dented its smooth white surface. Its beauty was still unmarred; so, picking up the sword, he started for the door. No one was in sight in the long corridor and he hurried as well as he could with his precious but clumsy burden to the bush near the gate. After carefully concealing his martial equipment the young warrior went boldly to the stables.

All the servants at the stables except the youngest stable boy were gone with their master on the hunt. Richard haughtily ordered the boy to saddle "White Arrow," his father's old war horse. Richard had just recently been allowed to ride this real man's horse and he was proud of his new dignity. While waiting for his steed he bade goodbye to his puppies, three fat, playful, adorable things. At the thought of parting from them his eyes seemed to become pools through which he had only a dim vision of the pudgy little animals. The stable boy was leading back the old horse so Richard tried desperately to blink back the tears. Never should that odious boy see him crying! All his dignity was summoned to the rescue. He grasped the bridle and a small boy never led a very large horse in a more dignified manner.

"Shall I help you into the saddle, Master Richard?" asked the stable boy in a very smooth fashion.

"N-n-no, I think I need not your aid," stammered Richard hurriedly. In his heart he hoped that he did not for he had never mounted a real horse alone in his life.

At the gate he knew the only attendant would be shortsighted old Michael; so if he could only get himself and his equipment on "White Arrow" his plan would be sure of success. He brought a high stool from the hall and placed it beside the old horse. "White Arrow" was restless, the stool was high, and the

provisions were heavy so I will not try to explain how Richard put his supplies on his horse. He put them there, however, and mounted behind them with his sword at his side and his helmet on his golden curls. He then removed his shining head piece and called for Michael. The old servant hurried out to open the big gate. Richard passed through and was started on his first campaign. Outside the gate he put on his helmet. What could be more blissful than to be a knight, with Latin and slavery far behind, and war and freedom before? But his enthusiasm did not last long. The May sun showered its attentions on him and before long he was forced to remove his helmet as it was becoming a miniature oven. His head was then entirely uncovered. His curls became so hot that they seemed in imminent danger of becoming molten gold. His head started to ache and the dust seemed to choke him. "White Arrow" was so slow. The village was still two miles away. The sun kept getting hotter. He could not dismount for then he could not get up again so he had to go on. Once or twice he found shelter from the sun beneath an overhanging tree. This happened very seldom; and that ride for quite a while preceded even Latin in horror. At last he reached the village. The big armorer helped him down from his horse and after he had a bowl of cool milk, he recalled his lunch. The armorer's children and he shared the delicious things. Richard felt a great deal better after his meal but he carefully avoided explanations of his martial equipment. He had decided to wait till cooler weather for his expedition. At sunset he started for home, tired out with his adventures and a long afternoon of play.

When he arrived at the castle the birds were twittering sleepily in the ivy. Mother Nature still ruled over Richard, and his eyelids persisted in dropping over his tired eyes. Thus ended the first, but by no means the last, expedition of Richard of Dunbridge against the Saracens.

Mabel Knight '24

The Doings of The Simses Mandy Expostulates Her Troubles

Easter morning, while on my way to church, I met Mr. and Mrs. Paul Revere Sims and their children, one of the dressiest families of the Darktown Baptist Church. Paul Revere, dressed in a black and white check suit with white spats protecting his ankles and a derby hat perched on his head, came first, followed by his wife Amanda, a rather stout and industrious washerwoman. She was garbed in a red velvet dress, donated by one of her customers. Set jauntily on her head was a deep purple hat, another donation. In back of them trailed their two little pickaninnies; Rudolph Valentino, who patterned much after his father, and Pearl White, who was all black and blue; that is, she was black and her clothes were blue.

Always being very much interested in negroes of this type, I asked my friend, for whom Mandy washed, if we might not visit them some time. So the next afternoon found us wending our way through the negro colony. Soon we came to a small, dilapidated house perched on a little knoll. In front hung a sign printed

in irregular red, white, and blue letters: "Washins Wanted" and then in smaller letters that looked as though they had been added later: "Also Sheik Cuff-links for Sale."

On entering the kitchen, we found Mandy busily engaged in washing, although it was almost five o'clock. When we asked her if it wasn't almost time for her husband to come from work she replied rolling her eyes hopelessly:

"Dat man work! Whah, he's neber worked sence we comed f'om oah honeymoon. He's sittin' in dere noah radin' dat dere "Beauty" magazine wid a yaller haired vamp on de cover. Ah'll vamp him! Ah will!! All dat he eber does is play pool an' spen' ma money on foolish things lack dem dere cuff-links. Whah! He bought six dozens an' dey costed seven bones an' he ain't even sold two pair yet. When he takes de washins back he jus' makes a fool of hisself, an' me too tryin' t' get de cooks interested in dem Sheik cuff-links. But mos' on 'em cooks is Swedes an' what's dey want wid Sheiks when dey's prob'ly got Jimmies ob der own. Ah us'ta have t' fight t' get him to take de washins, but noah he wants t' do it 'fore ah's got 'em washed. He al'ays tells me ta be shore an' put de shirts on top so's he cun fit de cuff-links in 'em, but it doan' do no good no moah! Dem cooks is wise t' him now, an' make b'lieve dey isn't home!"

Here I interrupted by saying that I should think Mr. Sims could find a good market for his cuff-links right in the neighborhood. He had so many friends living there! But Mandy's biting flow cut short my suppositions.

"In dis neighboahood! Ah guess not. Does yoah think ah'd let him try t' sell dem things in dis neighboahood? Dey'd think we was hahd up an' come ovah fo' sympafy. All der husbands has to work but ah tell 'em all dat we's so rich dat ma husban' doan' hafta work." Here she gave her shoulder a haughty twitch.

Just then Pearl and Rudolph came rushing in. This made their mother give a full account of their thoughtlessness (as mothers are wont to do).

"Noah Pearl, ain't yoah 'shamed of yoah self, comin' in 'fore company lookin' lak' dat? Der's dat dress dat ah made of dat yaller cheese clof dat cost nine cents a yahd. An' it to'k me a whole day t' make it. Yoah've got it all pulled out. An', Rudolph, what's yoah jinglein' in yoah pocket. Come right ovah heah 'tel ah see.—Why, Rudolph Valentino Sims, yoah's got all yoah daddy's Sheik cuff-links in yoah pocket. What yoah been doin' wiv' dem? What! Yoah's ben givin' 'em ta de boahs? Ahs' s'prised at yoah. Jus' wait 'tel yoah daddy heahs ob dat."

Just then Mr. Sims appeared in the doorway. Doubtless he had heard the conversation between Mandy and Rudolph. At any rate, amid the whacks from the shingle administered by Mr. Sims, and the terrible howls from Rudolph, my friend and I took leave of Mandy promising to visit her again in the near future.

Elizabeth McCombs '24

An Old Proverb

"Fred," said Mr. Pierce, as he came into the sitting room one evening and found his son reading, "I heard something today that I think will please you."

"What is it?" asked Fred, closing his book and looking up eagerly. His father's manner had aroused his curiosity.

"Your uncle came into my office today, and told me that he had made up his mind to take either you or Henry into business with him. So do your best to graduate with honor, Fred."

"But he may take Henry," said Fred. "He has just as great a chance as I have."

"I don't think so," said Fred's father. "In my opinion you are your uncle's choice, and it will depend on yourself to get the place."

"I shall try hard for it," replied Fred.

"He spoke of you in the highest terms today," continued his father, "and you will have a good chance if he takes you into business with him, so be careful what you say and do when he is around."

Mr. Clark, Fred's uncle, was a rich man and owned a large wholesale business.

A few days after Fred's and his father's conversation, Mr. Clark was walking down the main street of the town, when, looking up, he saw Fred and Henry standing in front of a book store.

Feeling a little more generous than usual on this particular day, he went to the boys, and said kindly:

"Let me buy each of you a book. Select which ever one you wish, and I will pay for it."

Henry quickly selected a book of adventures. Mr. Clark was a little disappointed, but made no remark.

Fred selected a book of travels.

"I am pleased with your choice, Fred," said his uncle, "but I am sorry Henry's taste does not run in the same line."

"I get all I want of history at school," said Henry. "When I have a chance to read at home I want something lively and different."

"Each has his taste of course," replied Mr. Clark.

"I hope I have not offended you, uncle," said Henry.

"Not at all," replied the old man as he walked away, well pleased at the test he had made.

"Fred shall certainly have a place in my store," he thought as he went on. Meanwhile, Fred and Henry were looking over their books.

"You know very well that you don't care for travels, Fred," said Henry. "You just wanted to please uncle."

"Well, what if I did. Perhaps you have lost more than you imagine by choosing that book of adventures."

"I was honest in my choice, anyway," said Henry, "and you know the old proverb, 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

"There's such a thing as being too honest," thought Fred.

A week later, Mr. Clark met Fred on his way to school.

"Have you read your book, Fred," he asked pleasantly.

For an instant Fred hesitated. Then looking up boldly he replied, "Yes."

"Did you find it interesting?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Fred. "I could hardly lay it down until I had finished it."

"Some day, I will get you a better one, Fred. I like to encourage your taste of reading."

On his way home, Mr. Clark stopped at Fred's house to tell them that he had decided to take Fred into his business. Neither Fred's mother or father were at home, but were expected in a few moments. Mr. Clark went into the library to wait. The room was lined with bookcases, as Mr. Pierce was very fond of reading.

Fred's uncle busied himself by looking at the different books, and chanced across the one which Fred had chosen at the book store.

"I will see what Fred found so interesting in this book of travels," said Mr. Clark to himself as he took the book out and began to turn the pages. He had turned only a few pages when he started.

"Why it can't be," he exclaimed, "I never thought he would do such a thing, but it is true. I am sorry, very sorry indeed."

Placing the book back into the case he left the house hurriedly.

A few minutes later when Mrs. Pierce arrived, there was no one waiting in the library.

"But I am sure, Madam, it was not more than ten minutes ago that he was here waiting for you," said the servant.

"It is a pity that he couldn't have waited a few minutes longer, but that is always his way, he will not wait very long for anything."

She had no idea of what Fred had missed by his uncle's call.

After graduation in June, Fred's cousin Henry was taken into their uncle's business. Neither Fred or his parents could understand it, for they had been positive that Fred would get the job.

It was not long, however, before they knew why Fred had not been his uncle's choice.

In the early part of July, Fred was summoned to his uncle's office.

"No doubt, Fred, you are wondering why you did not get the position in my office," said his uncle. "I am going to tell you. A short time ago I bought you and Henry a book, as you of course remember. A few days after that I met you on the street and inquired how you had liked the book. You said that it was very interesting and that you had enjoyed it. That same day I called at your house to tell your father that I had made up my mind to give you the place. No one was home and I went into the library to wait. As I was looking over the books in the bookcases I chanced upon the book which you had chosen. I began to turn the pages and to my great surprise and disappointment I discovered that you had not read that book, for, being a new book, some of the pages were not cut. You not only lied to me, but you were dishonest with me. Of course I could not have a person in my business who was not honest. I was very sorry, for I had really planned to have you with me."

Fred hung his head. He tried to speak but something seemed to be sticking in his throat.

"You may go now," continued his uncle, "but I think it would be wise, my boy, if you would remember the old proverb, 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

And Fred agreed with him as he left the office.

Ruth Newton

The Moustache

At precisely four minutes to nine, Jonathan Larkin opened the office door and beamed, "Good Morning!" For five years, in fact ever since he had left the little village of Roeton and his two sisters, Jonathan had opened the door and beamed these words, always between six and two minutes before nine. At times he was soaked with rain or chilled with cold, still his heart was good and he wished the best in the world for his fellow mortals.

This morning, as he entered, Jonathan experienced a feeling of triumph, for not a soul had snickered, but the entire force, or at least that part of it which arrives before four minutes to nine, greeted him cheerfully, though in their varying degrees of familiarity. Now, generally speaking, Jonathan Larkin was not a man to be ridiculed, but a few weeks before he had made a daring decision; he would raise a moustache. All it required was strength of character. Didn't Fred Pearson, his best friend, raise a garden, and didn't Tommy Geers raise the roof every Saturday night? And since the boss assured him it would not be his pay, Jonathan determined to raise a moustache. His favorite movie hero had a one-inch adornment, jet black and as symmetrical as a domino, but the trouble he had in bringing it up so perfectly was known not only to the master of Properties. His employer had a dignified gray one, and his favorite candidate for Congress, a red one which indeed accurately fitted the vulgar expression of "soup strainer."

However, in spite of his wishes, Jonathan could not have black, nor gray, nor red because his hair was none of these colors; but throwing caution to the winds he cultivated a beautiful yellow-brown, or rose-gold moustache. For a week, looking straight into the mirror, he could not find it, but by arranging two mirrors so as to see either profile, he daily inspected and approved it. During these days of care and worry, he had even given up smoking, lest the fumes prove harmful. His sacrifices were rewarded.

Today he was in his glory. Not one had snickered, and all, reconciled to his ornament, greeted him cheerfully.

On his desk he saw a letter in his sister's familiar handwriting which to his amazement ended with the words:

"Can't you come home? May's just dying—Oh, here's the postman. Good bye, Anne."

Dazed for a moment he sat there motionless. Suddenly realizing that prompt action was necessary, he reported to the boss, and dashed out. Another difficulty—Roeton was eighty miles away and the Ford was not behaving well, but after twenty-five minutes of vehement,—yes, violent persuasion, he rolled out at forty per, though a blue-coated preserver of law and order held up his hand.

It was twelve-thirty when he rushed into Roeton with three court summons and two flat shoes.

In a bound, he was in the kitchen of the old home. Astonished, Anne nearly burned her hand as she forgot to put down the kettle.

"How is Mary?" he gasped.

"Oh—fine, Why?" she queried.

"Fine," he roared, "read that!"

When she had finished the letter her amazement turned to a hearty laugh and she calmed his fears by saying:

"I meant to say, 'May's dying to see your moustache,' but the postman came and I forgot all about it. Won't you stay to dinner?"

"When I find a barber-shop," he answered, "May can die."

John Dormer '24

Breath of Spring

White violets' elusive fragrance,
Faint, fairy perfume that the busy elves have made;
Clean, earthly, smells that tell one
Of the joys of out-of-doors,
Of cool and hidden shade,
Of open, sunny meadows,
And the newly-opened leaves, that,
Rejoicing, flutter gaily in wandering springtime breeze;
Of sweet wild apple-blossoms
That grace many an unknown glade;
There's a balsamy, spicy odor, yet,
It's all the breath of Spring.

M. Frances Tompkins '23

Mutiny of the Bounty

There it is a tiny island set in the midst of the Pacific between South America and Australia. The shore is rocky and precipitous except at one point where the rocky wall breaks. Here, a sandy beach slopes gently upward and finally merges into a sort of miniature plateau which forms the main part of the island. It is an admirable fortress, for the dangerous approach to the cliffs prevents an ascent, and the one landing place can easily be guarded from above.

The plateau itself is a patch of Paradise crowned by the azure skies of equatorial regions from all points commanding a view of the turquoise sea. Rich, tropical fruit grows in wasteful abundance. The fertile, black soil, aided by the tropical sun, produces a luxurious growth, unequalled for variety and color. Ever, there sounds the raging of the angry waters, their peace balked by this immovable obstacle which defies even their gigantic power.

It is a rare gem, buried in the limitlessness of the sea, once waiting to be found and treasured.

Philip Carteret, rear-admiral of England, was the first white man to discover it. He came upon it in the course of his voyage, seeking adventure in the fathom-

less mystery of the southern seas and their multitude of islands. He named it Pitcairn Island, cited it on his map, and sailed away for further discoveries.

In the winter of 1787, his Majesty's Ship, the Bounty, set sail from England for Tahiti. Its captain, Lieutenant William Bligh, was an experienced sailor. He had been with Cook on his second trip around the world and had taken part in many sea battles. However, he was unsuited for the position of captain, not as a sailor, but as a man. The hard, rough life of the sea had had its effect on him in hardening his heart and roughening his appearance. A curse was ever ready on his lips, a blow from his fist, a kick from his foot. Before the voyage was over the crew had come to hate this tyrant. Hardly a day passed that one of them did not feel the lash for some slight offence. But he was an officer in the service of the king. It would mean death to him who should attempt revenge, and so, unwilling hands performed his commands and the lash was born in silence. But with every descending stroke, hatred burned deeper into each heart.

At length, the ship reached Tahiti and deposited its cargo. For a few weeks the men enjoyed comparative freedom on shore, but the day came at last to sail. Only thirteen of the crew of eighteen appeared at the ship. Bligh paced the deck, raging and swearing. For an hour or more he did nothing to find his crew. The second mate, knowing that they could not sail without the rest of the men, grew impatient at the captain's delay in acting. He approached the angry man and spoke before he was seen:

"Sir, I would suggest that you send a searching party to the island. I think

Bligh wheeled suddenly, his face livid. His powerful arm shot out and sent the speaker sprawling upon the deck.

"Curse you and your advice," he cried, "I am captain of this ship and shall do as I please in this matter."

The fallen man slowly picked himself up. He was still young and although the sea had set its mark upon him in his appearance, nevertheless there was something indescribable about him that proclaimed him above the ordinary type of seaman. Perhaps it was the gentleman under the skin that shone forth. As he stood up, his face was ashen and there was the glint of steel in his eyes. Without a word or look at the man who had struck him, he walked away. Before night, the missing men returned and crept silently into the hold. Every moment through the night they expected to hear the gruff voice of the captain commanding them to come on deck for punishment. But they heard nothing except the swish of the water against the ship's sides after the boat had moved away from port. With the dawn, they began to hope that their absence had been overlooked. Now they were on the way to England, to homes and dear ones. In a short time, Bligh could no longer trouble them. They had been foolish the day before to even have considered the idea of remaining on the island. With the descent of night over the jungle, the lurking savage bodies caused them to become homesick. Even the life on the ship with its hated captain was better than freedom on a lonely isle. Home! Home and civilized freedom again.

A step in the hatchway! In the dim morning light, straining eyes perceived

"Earnings vs. Savings"

It is not what you "Earn" that makes you rich, but what you "Save."

A Dollar saved and deposited is an obstinate thing,---it stays put. And if it is in your pocket does it give you that increasing feeling of confidence that a growing bank account would give you?



THE CITY SAVINGS BANK

OF PITTSFIELD,

A Mutual Savings Bank

Main Office, 116 North Street

Corner Fenn Street

Morningside Branch
101 Woodlawn Avenue

Dalton Branch
Union Block, Dalton

I'll Meet You at Lavin's After School

When you want to arrange to meet your mother or some friend during the afternoon, why not arrange to meet at Lavin's?

It is one of the most convenient places in the city, it is a store where some wonderful sodas and drinks are to be had and where you find so many articles you want. Therefore, next time say---

I'LL MEET YOU AT LAVIN'S AFTER SCHOOL

John M. Lavin
WENDELL
PHARMACY
10 SOUTH STREET

The Berkshire Loan and Trust Co.

*Cordially invites
you to open a
Thrift or Vacation
Club account.*



*We shall be pleased also to
serve you in any Banking
matters.*

Frank Howard



Howard Block
FENN,
FIRST and
FEDERAL
STREETS

John Adams, the second mate. He motioned the men to come near him and in a low voice spoke:

"I have come to warn you. A little incident happened yesterday that made Bligh my enemy. Last night, I overheard him talking with the trader who is returning to England on this boat. Listen! When we reach home he intends to turn the five of you who were absent yesterday over to the authorities for arrest. He said that he is going to make an example of you. You know what that means. He must not know that you know this. He isn't going to tell you himself."

A sound arose, terrible to hear. It seemed to come from the very depths of these men's hearts. Pent up hatred burst forth; they were no longer able to endure this last injustice in silence. No bond could have restrained them then. Adams had not expected what followed. It had been his intention to advise the men to force Bligh in some way or other to abandon his plan of punishment. However, before he knew what had happened, the men had rushed past him, roaring like caged animals hungry for freedom. Now they had gone on deck. He climbed the hatchway, dazed at the turn of affairs, and found some men lowering a boat, others dragging the surprised and angry captain from his cabin. Some of the other ship's officers who had upheld the tyranny of Bligh had already been seized and were being forced into the boat. Adams shouted words of restraint at the mutineers. They paid no heed. They were set in their purpose. Hardly within a quarter of an hour a mutiny had begun and ended. The entreaties of the men in the boat grew fainter and fainter. At length, the boat itself was but a speck in the distance.

By the unanimous consent of the mutineers, John Adams was appointed captain and the ship started back to Tahiti. As he entered the cabin of the former captain he was startled by the sight of a beautiful girl sitting in the furthest corner, her eyes wide with terror. Before either could speak an English trader entered.

"So, it is you, sir, who are at the head of this dastardly business. This girl is my daughter and she must not be harmed. I am placed in a helpless position but I ask this one favor."

"You need have no fear for either your daughter or yourself. We will leave you at Tahiti. I am very sorry that your trip has been interrupted. Would to God this had not happened," he murmured as he left them. But the man and the girl heard.

The men proved to be above the traditionary character of mutineers and no trouble ensued from the mutiny. All was peaceful aboard the Bounty. With peace came love and when they reached Tahiti, John Adams and the trader's daughter were married by the missionary.

For several weeks the crew remained there, trying to decide their next step. After a careful study of maps, the tiny island which Carteret had discovered was decided upon as their destination. So far from civilization, it seemed a most unlikely place for pursuit.

Some of the crew decided to remain at Tahiti where they were eventually

caught and put to death at the hands of English justice. But John Adams, with his wife and a faithful crew of nine, found the jewel and treasured it, for to them, it was the only spot on earth that they could call "home."

The fate of this party which colonized the island remained unknown until 1808, when the island was visited by an American vessel. John Adams lived until 1829 and his descendants are the present inhabitants of the island.

Mary E. Beebe, '24

The Ocean

I stood on the top of a grassy green slope,
And a brisk salty wind came to me;
And I gazed down the hill where the wind came up,
And I saw the billowy sea.

The waters were foaming, the waves rolled in,
With a masterful, measureless grace;
While the sky arched above, and the clouds floated on;
And I was alone in that place.

It seemed so great and so infinite,
That sea of the dashing spray,
Where the tides rolled in and the tides rolled out
In endless procession each day.

The ocean swayed on the rippling waves
In regular, rhymical tides;
More wonderful this than the sheltered nooks
Where the inland water abides!

Ermine Huntress

Noses

Noses are things that are placed in the center of the face to give it expression. Noses are very important. Some people were standing in the last row when God gave out noses, judging from the size of them, and others were so much in a hurry to get their noses that they got smashed in the jam. Honest, don't some noses look as if they were squeezed before they were finally clamped on under the eyes?

Noses come in different sizes. The elephant has a long nose, but some people are just as "nosy," only it isn't in flesh and blood. And then, an elephant uses his nose for purposes which we wouldn't think of. We drink through our mouths. Then take a dog. A dog has more scents in his nose than some humans have in their whole heads. He'll smell the food, and if he likes it, go to it, and eat it. Judging from the cheese some people eat, noses were made to be stuffed instead of snuffed with. Did you ever see an ant-eater? That's another animal that has a nose worthy of fame. You'd hardly know whether the animal has its tail or its nose on the right end, but if it weren't for the nose you would not be able to tell the name of it. Noses often describe people quicker than anything else. When Bertillon used the method he did in classifying criminals, he probably had great success in detecting crooks by their noses. We could say something about how noses distinguish people of different nationalities, too. If some

people followed their noses they'd go to heaven, but there are others who wouldn't go to heaven if they followed theirs.

This is of course just a funny old story, so we can say anything we want to—sort of blow our heads (or noses) off. Fathers and mothers used to use our noses when we were young to pester us like the mischief on a cold winter's night. It's funny how important these noses become. We never notice them—that is men don't—unless they don't work properly, and we get headaches and can't talk straight because of colds. Some people talk through their noses. Others sing through them. The latter we call tenors. And some people wheeze. Oh, but they certainly have millions of uses for them. Some young men use their noses to hang tiny bits of scrub brush from, (they think they are mustaches); others use them to hold up tortoise shells on. And then some ladies use them to pull the veils off of their chins with. (We put the preposition at the end of the sentences so that we wouldn't appear so wise, even if we are one who knows a nose as nobody knows.)

The most pitiable thing about a nose is how it is misused. It suddenly became prominent because of prohibition. It used to be a sign of debauchery, now it is a sign of wealth. And then, young high school girls, how proud they are of their noses. They are more particular about keeping their noses pure and white than their hands. They carry trunks with all sorts of paraphernalia, just for the care of the important nose. Surely one must believe the proverb—By their noses shall ye know them.

Martha B. Schulze '25

The Rainbow's End

There's a road that begins far away I am told,
At a place where the rainbow ends,
All purple, yellow, violet and gold,
Its undulant way it wends.

And beyond, dwell the elves in fairy attire,
Gaily reigning with much delight
'Til Aurora's chariot flaming like fire
Dispels the charm of the night.

And then this picture grows dim to my sight,
It's objects are hard to find,
But it leaves a vision which will always be bright
On a page in the book of my mind.

Mildred Gould '23

Spring

Hurry, hurry, royal Spring,
Come and make the skylarks sing;
Come and paint the world anew,
Earth in green and sky in blue.

Come and set each bud to swelling;
Come and linger in each dwelling;
Make the sun shine bright and long,
Make my sighs a cheerful song.

Come and kiss the drowsy woods,
Make them shed their winter hoods;
Make the leaves and buds and blades
A rainbow with its lovely shades.

Come and wake the sleeping stream,
Free the flashing fish within;
Bring the gentle wind again
Bring the sweet, refreshing rain.

Come and stray the village through,
Come and scatter all the dew,
Smile upon each hill and plain
Make them all their love proclaim.

I know, my sweet and noble spring
You won't neglect a single thing,
The birds, the woods, the skies of blue
I shall leave them all with you.

Sarah Evzerow '23

Music

The swish of the pines is music,
As well as the song of the bird,
The rustling of the brown dry leaves,
And the gray meadow-grass in the wind,
The symphony voice of the brook
As it hurries past to sea,
With minors in pebbly shallows
And trebles in dark, deep pools.

M. Frances Tompkins '23

Don't Tell

I whispered a story in somebody's ear
Something I knew quite well
A bit of gossip about a friend
And I warned, "If you please, 'Don't Tell.'"

And somebody whispered that selfsame tale
And how it seemed to swell
Into the ear of somebody else
With a warning like mine, "Don't Tell."

And then, from a simple little tale
It grew like a vicious weed
In spite of the warning words, "Don't Tell"
Which nobody seemed to heed.

And so I have learned, when I know a tale
Tho' harmless it may be
To lock it always in the depths of my heart
And throw away the key.

C. Jordan '26

Reverie

I walked, and heeded not my path
Watching the ever-changing sky,
Fleecy picture clouds in the fathomless blue;
I heard the clear, sweet whistle of the red-wing in the swamp
And the dainty, brown song-sparrow's far-away song
A far-away mood like the bluish spring haze
That hung o'er the circling hills
Made my loneliness joy
And my freedom an unconscious prayer
To the spirit of God in the fields.

M. Frances Tompkins '23

Soda and Love

You know vinegar is sour, don't you? Well, some folks are sour too. I'll tell you how to make them sweet, both vinegar and the folks. Ask mother for a glass with some vinegar in it and a teaspoonful of soda. Put the soda in the vinegar and see the commotion that takes place. The vinegar becomes all foamy and fizzes. Put some more soda in the vinegar and little drops will spatter all around. Then it will not be sour any more.

Now, with sour people, your love is the soda that you need to give them. If you know persons who delight in saying cross words, say loving things to them every chance you get. It's just like putting the soda in the vinegar, they fizz right up into sweet, happy people.

If you make a mistake and feel cross yourself, just try to make some one else happy, and you will begin to laugh. Soon you will fizz and get sweet. Perhaps you'll fizz so hard that you'll sprinkle little drops of love and happiness all over everybody around you.

By "Patience" '24

One at the radio: "Quick, this selection's a jim-dandy."

Another: "Be there with bells on."

One at the radio: "Well, don't ring so loud that you drown out my connections."

BOOK REVIEWS

The Count of Monte Cristo

The adventures of the Count of Monte Cristo take place in the early part of the eighteenth century. This count is first known to us as Edmond Dantes, a young sailor, who is in love with a girl called Mercedes. However, Dantes has three enemies, who plot against him, and put him in prison on a false charge. Later Dantes is put in the Chateau D'If, the worst prison in France. While here, he uses every possible means in order to escape, but fails. One day, however, he becomes acquainted with Abbe Faria, another prisoner. Faria tells Dantes of the Island of Monte Cristo, where a treasure is hidden. A few weeks later Faria dies and the guards plan to throw him into the sea. Dantes hears of this and changes places with the dead Abbe, and is thrown into the sea. He rips the sack which he is in, is rescued, and goes back to see his friend Mercedes, after fourteen years. He finds that she is married. He makes the acquaintance of Monsieur Marrel, who is in love with Valentine. Leaving them, Dantes goes to the island and finds the treasure. He returns as the Count of Monte Cristo, and revenges his three enemies. He then hides Valentine from her parents so that Marrel may marry her, and while she is in hiding, she is accompanied by Haidee, a friend of Dantes. In the end Dantes makes possible the marriage of Valentine and Monsieur Marrel, and then leaves for the Island of Monte Cristo with Haidee, leaving on the minds of Valentine and Marrel his last words, "Wait and Hope."

How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar

Simpson's Bar was a settlement in the Sacramento valley. In eighteen hundred sixty-two, the North Folk river overflowed its banks and travel was practically impossible. It was Christmas Eve, and most of the people of the settlement were gathered at Thompson's store to discuss the conditions. As the people were sitting engaged in talk, the door opened and a person known to them as "The Old Man," entered. After several minutes he suggested that the men go to his house for the rest of the evening. There were several comments and finally they went. They found his wife in a bad humor and Johnny, his son, sick in bed. As the men were enjoying themselves, Johnny summoned his father to rub his back, for he had "roomatiz." As "The Old Man" proceeded to do so, Johnny wanted to know what "Chrissmas" was and if "Sandy Claws" really came. While the father was answering his son's questions and wrapping him in a blanket, the men left, all but one. "The Old Man" sat beside Johnny holding his hand, and soon both fell asleep. In the meantime, the man who had remained, having seen that both were asleep, left to join the other men. These had heard Johnny's inquiries in regard to "Sandy Claws," and had decided to send one man to purchase some toys for him. It was a long, weary journey. Once he was

approached by a bandit, but managed to escape with clothes torn and his right arm broken. As he reached the door, he knocked, and "The Old Man" awoke and hurried to let him in. The man staggered, fell and then uttered these words: "There are a few toys in that bag for Johnny; put them in his stocking as 'Sandy Claws' presents." And so, with clothes ragged and torn, and right arm broken, Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar.

Laddie

Laddie was the devoted child of Mr. and Mrs. Stanton. From the time he was a child until he was a grown-up boy, he was attached to them. He was loved by all his brothers and sisters, but especially by the baby of the family, called, by him, Little Sister. How he did love her! He told her his secrets; and that was how it came about that she knew his biggest one. He was acquainted with a fairy. How it pleased Little Sister to think that her brother knew a fairy.

One day, as she was delivering a note for Laddie, she discovered who the fairy was—Pamela Pryor, a member of a mysterious family that had recently moved next to the Stantons. Such a family! The father didn't believe in God; the mother had heart trouble and walked in her sleep! Still, the girl seemed so nice and friendly. Why were the father and mother so odd? Ah! that was the mystery. It took Laddie to wade through the distance between them and to start their acquaintance. Gradually friendship increased between the two families.

About this time, Shelley, Laddie's sister, went to a music school in a large city; and while she was there she met a young man named Robert Paget who proved to be the brother of Pamela. This was the story. Through the treachery of his cousin, he had been accused of stealing some money, thus disgracing his family, who had hitherto lived in England. He had gone away, his mother was taken ill because of the loss of her son, and his father had lost faith in God. In the end, however, things came out all-right; Shelley and Robert married, Pamela and Laddie did likewise, and once more happiness was restored to the Pryor alias Paget family.

Alice E. McDowell

Mrs. Bennett: "Let us all turn to Smith's original map."

Budrow turning: "Take off your glasses, Doug, you're up for class inspection."

Compliments of

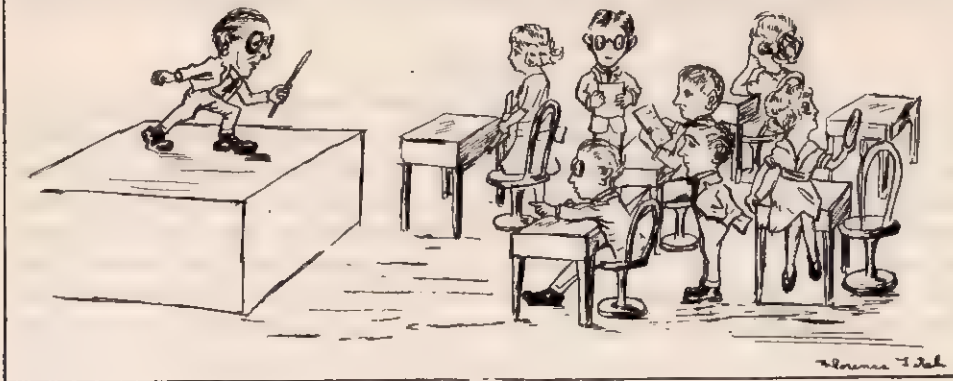
MADDEN PHARMACY INC.

James C. Madden, Reg. Pharmacist

449 NORTH STREET

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES



Students' Activities

The Students' Pen Club

A number of Commercial High students have become sufficiently interested to have a permanent commercial department in the Pen. This department should be a valuable addition, especially as it will stimulate competition between the two branches of the High School. Mr. Ford will organize these new members for work.

Speakers

Pittsfield High students have had the privilege of hearing some very interesting speakers lately. Mr. Walsh, Junior Senator from Massachusetts, addressed the Student body on March 20. His subject was "Loyalty and Devotion to the Flag."

On March 29, Mr. Smith, President of North Adams Normal School, spoke to all students who are interested in teaching. He not only discussed the teaching profession for boys and especially for girls, but also he told of the necessity of choosing a vocation early in life. Judging from the number that attended the assembly, a great many of the students are going to become teachers. We wonder if there was not another reason for the large audience.

At a short assembly during the last period on Thursday (March 29), Mr. Edward Miller of Pennsylvania, and director of the Pilgrim Circuit, Chautauqua, spoke to the students of the Pittsfield High School. The Chautauqua will appear in Berkshire sometime during the summer and Mr. Miller told some interesting facts about it, after which he gave a short talk on being happy.

Elizabeth White '24

P. H. S. Orchestra

It has been rumored about the school lately that the orchestra would like more time for practicing. This immediately brings up the question—Should we devote more time to club activities?

Classes

The classes have, at last, been given permission to hold meetings again. It was decided that the two branches of the high school—Pittsfield High and Commercial High—would not unite as had been planned, but would remain separate. However, if any more dances are to be held the two departments will give them together.

The Student Council

An honor system, drawn up by the Student Council, has been presented to and discussed by the different classes. At a recent meeting, the attitude of the pupils toward this honor system was brought out, and it is the general impression that they are not favorably disposed toward the taking of any definite action here.

The conduct at the school dances will be the next matter taken up and it is hoped that the committee will be ready to make their report at the next meeting.

The Girls' League

Did you know that the high school girls of the Girls' League have had a basketball team all winter? On Monday, March 26, they played the Dalton High School girls and won with a score 7-6.

At a banquet held Monday night (April 2) by the high school girls of the Girls' League, and by the Friendship Club, letters were awarded by Miss Peaslee, director of the Girl's League, to Mildred Rice, Gladys Briggs, Ruth Palmer, Thelma Nelson and Marguerite Melen. Helene Lummus received a bar to place under the letter which she won last year.

Registration cards for next September were made out in the home rooms recently. From now on there will be only three classes at P. H. S., for those who are entering from Junior High will pass into the tenth year instead of the ninth. No more Freshman after this semester.

Teacher's Column

All roads lead to Hinsdale, since Mr. Russell has been appointed sheriff.

Miss Day spent her Easter vacation at her home in Hatfield. She returned to school the next Monday sporting a new blue sweater.

Miss Morris spent her Easter vacation in North Adams.

During the past month Miss Clifford left cold New England for Atlantic City where she stayed several days.

During March, Miss McCormick visited Washington.

Mrs. Bennett gave a lecture in Cheshire a short time ago on "The Duties of a Citizen."

Mr. Goodwin attended the Classical Association of New England held at Mt. Holyoke College on March 30 and 31. One of the principle topics discussed was the possibility of changes in college entrance examinations in Latin.

Miss Kaliher and Miss McCormick visited Dalton High School, Wednesday, April 4, to study their school system which differs from that of most other schools.

Miss Waite has a new 4 d.

Miss Casey, who has been living at "The Lodge" during the winter, has returned to her home in Lee.

Mr. Brierly recently addressed a meeting of the children of the American Revolution on the subject of "American relationship to European affairs."

Miss Pfeiffer is contemplating buying a new car. We students will witness some pretty races between Miss Pfeiffer's car and Miss Waite's new Ford.

The President of the Radio Club is seriously thinking of appointing Mr. Hayes as his assistant. Mr. Hayes' work along this line is quite commendable.

High School of Commerce

Remington

In the Accuracy contests conducted by the Remington and Underwood Typewriter Companies, the following pupils have been given awards.

Gladys Anthony	Gold Medal	55 Words
Thomas Connelly		
Meta Isringhaus		
Ruth Le Veene		

Theodora Kilian	Card Case	45 Words
Edward Rogers		

Ruth Aronstein	Certificate	25 Words
Lucy Carnute		
Frances Cooper		
Dorothy Decker		
Lena Jacob		
Hans Lamke		
Beatrice Mackie		
Alice Millington		
Ruth Nagleschmidt		
Ruth Newton		
Marion Ryan		
Sara Sagarin		
Marguerite Sargent		
Mary Tolckov		
Anna Cox		
Helen Martineau		
Anthony Mirabella		

Underwood

Certificate	30 Words
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Baranzelli, Mary
 Bonnivier, Ruby
 Bradway, Mable
 Bramley, Gladys
 Callo, Tina
 Cannon, Robert
 Carnute, Lucy
 Cooper, Frances
 Cox, Anna
 Cudahy, Dorothy
 Downs, May
 Fisher, Dorothy
 Gillette, Irene
 Gilmartin, Monica
 Gooley, Evelyn
 Guide, Mildred
 Halperin, Dora
 Hawley, Helen
 Hettstrom, Ruth
 Jacob, Lena
 Kenney, Helen
 Lamb, Grace
 Levernock, Ralph
 Levine, Bella
 Lucas, Alice
 McCormick, Mary
 Mercier, Gladys
 Mirabella, Anthony
 Murphy, Mildred
 Prew, Dorothy
 Quirk, Anna
 Reed, Donald
 Ryan, Marion
 Sagarin, Sara
 Sargent, Marguerite
 Stanton, Margaret
 Tamburello, Paul
 Walsh, Helen

Baker, Dorothy	Bronze Medal	40 Words
Bramley, Gladys		
Burr, Marguerite		
Corbett, Marjorie		
Decker, Dorothy		

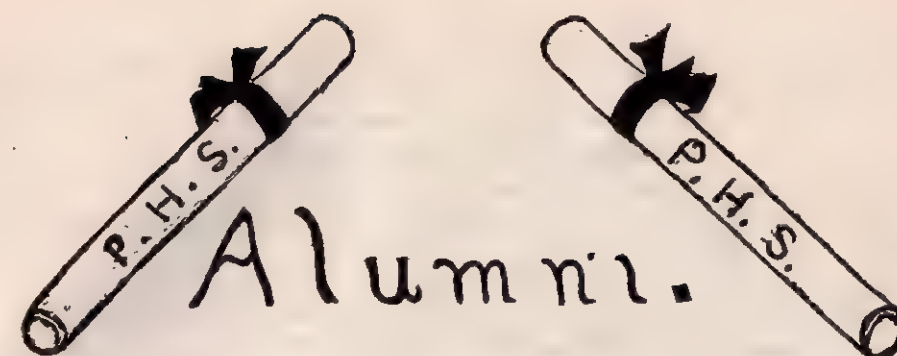
Flynn, Kathleen Frissell, Clarice Klein, Sara Le Veene, Ruth McKinnon, Isabelle McMahon, Hazel Mercier, Gladys Millington, Alice Newton, Ruth Otis, Hope Wilkinson, Doris	Bronze Medal	40 Words
Anthony, Gladys Cooper, Lena Denison, Dorothy Gould, Mildred Isringhaus, Meta Klein, Anna Le Veene, Ruth Nagleschmidt, Ruth Rawson, Frances Tolckov, Mary	Bronze Bar	50 Words
Otis, Hope Hickey, Francis	Bronze Bar	60 Words

There was an old geezer named "Tut"
Who never did anything but
Salt down his kale
And swig ginger ale
Inside of his gold plated hut.

And when the poor King came to die,
He heaved a tumultuous sigh,
And said, "Take my body
And wrap it in shoddy,
And send it prepaid to the sky."

So he crept in his gold plated hut
And slept thirty centuries, but
Some poor English rummy
Discovered his mummy
And re-incarnated King Tut.

Francis Hickey



Alumni Notes

The engagement of Dorothy N. Leonard, P.H.S. '21, to Clifford A. Read has been announced. Miss Leonard is employed in the Commercial department of the Eagle, and Mr. Read, a graduate of R. P. I., is with the General Electric Company.

Wm. Barnes, '21, is at Colgate.

Irving B. Hyde, '18, will graduate from the University of Pennsylvania in June.

Marion Nowell, '23, expects to enter The Forsythe Dental School in September. She is employed by Dr. Volk.

Marshall Wood studies at Tufts.

Margaret Barnes, '19, is employed by the Berkshire County Savings Bank.

Edna Volin, '19, attends Middlebury College.

Many High School Graduates Eventually Find Their Way to The G-E

The students of Pittsfield High School are rather fortunate in living in a city where a single industrial plant employs 6,500 men and women, fortunate because of the many opportunities a large plant like the General Electric Company offers to the High School graduate. For example: in the Laboratory where samples of the tons and tons of materials that are purchased every day are tested, John Waldron, Carl Urig, Henry Merriam and other graduates of Pittsfield High School say what materials pass the requirements and what do not. Eddie Hickey, former Editor-in-Chief of the Students Pen, is working in the receiving department seeing that everything that is "billed in" is O. K. In the cost department, James Driscoll figures out the cost of transformers, regulators, re-actors and the like, while Joseph Donnelly labors over the cost of motors. Loretta Danserau helps carry on the correspondence for the cost department. In the Shipping and Production Offices, Margaret Murphy, Lillian Lynch, Lucy Jacobs, James Wasson, Miss Crume, Clarice Toppin and other P. H. S. boys and girls help keep running the wheels of the industry. "Dopey Palmer" works in the transportation department where he hasn't a chance in the world of getting a few winks.

Tom Joyce '21

High School of Commerce
A Review of the Classes of '22 and '23

Anna Coakley, '22, Berkshire Electric Co.
 Mildred Eichelser and Pearl Andrews, both of '22, Mountain Electric Supplies Co.
 Julia Flynn, '22, cashier, Farr's Fabric Shop.
 Gladys Hayn, '22, Berkshire Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
 Greta Frieberg, '22, Sheet Metal Works.
 Harriet Bligh, '22, Government position at Washington, D. C.
 Carolyn Chown, '22, violinist, May's Orchestra.
 Felixia Ivanowitz, '23, Selina Tatro, '23, Anna Anderson, '23, Mary Cox, '22, and Lillian Cudahy, '22, General Electric Co.
 Isaac Harmon, '22, Y. M. C. A.
 Waldo Broker, '22, New England Tel. & Tel. Co.
 Charlotte Guerdon, '22, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.
 Gladys Kelley, '23, secretarial course at Columbia University.
 Rebecca Borke, '22, bookkeeper, Leavitt's Grocery Store.
 Dorothy Rose, '22, England Bros. office.
 Ella Rosenblum, '22, England Bros. office.
 Catherine Fox, '23, E. G. Winston & Co.
 Margaret Murphy, '23, Assessors' Office, City Hall.
 Mildred Bouchane, '23, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.

Let us tell you something about the Senior A class of Commercial. Out of a class of 50, 30 have already secured positions.

Gladys Anthony, Marjorie Corbett, Dorthy Cudahy, Clarice Frissell, Monica Gilmartin, Evelyn Gooley, Mildred Gould, Ruth Hettstrom, Janet Hover, Lura Lamb, Helen Martineau, Mary McCarty, Hazel McMahon, Helen Kenney are at the G. E. Eleanor Mackey, Helen Ringie, Irene Gillette and Tina Callo are at the Eaton Crane & Pike Co. Thomas Connelly is at the Corkhill Sign Service. Sarah Evzerow is at the Berkshire Mineral Water Co., Dora Halperin at the Berkshire Furniture Co., Raymond Hand at the Wallace Co., Meta Isringhaus at the Berkshire Electric Co., Hope Otis is in the office of Holden & Stone Co., Ruth Sheldon at the Electric Shop, Frank Steady at E. D. Jones, Eloise Larkin and Donald Reed in the office of Butler's.

WILLIAM NUGENT CO.

Incorporated July 1918

Toys, Games, Stationery, Blank Books, Magazines

88 NORTH STREET



Our Exchanges

The Argus, Waterbury, Conn.; The Blue and Gold, Malden, Mass.; The Bumble "B," Boone, Iowa; Central Recorder, Springfield, Mass.; The Creighton High, Omaha, Nebraska; Central Outlook, St. Joseph, Missouri; The Crimson and White, Albany, Mass.; The Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.; The Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn.; The Gryphon, Ironton, Ohio; The Garnet and White, West Chester, Pa.; Hyde Park Weekly, Chicago, Ill.; The Herald, Holyoke, Mass.; The Messenger Proof Sheet, Annadale-on-Hudson, N. Y.; The Maverick, Tonkawa, Oklahoma; The N. H. S. News, Northwood, Iowa; The Newtonia, Newton, Iowa; The Observer, Ansonia Conn.; The Opinion, Peoria, Ill.; The Paquet, Portland, Maine; Red and Gray, Fitchburg, Mass.; The Roman, Rome, Georgia; The Reflector, Woburn, Mass.; The Spectator, Chicopee, Mass.; The Sheaf, Saskatoon, Sask.; The Sizzler, Monroe, Louisiana; The Scarlet Tanager, Chantam, N. Y.; The Taconic, Williamstown, Mass.; The Tatler, Des Moines, Iowa; The Vermont Cynic, Burlington, Vt.; The Ypsi Sem, Ypsilanti, Mich.

The Herald, Holyoke, Mass.: You have some of the most interesting stories found in any of the school magazines. It makes us wish for more.

The Current News, General Electric Works, Pittsfield, Mass.: You have a very newsy and clever paper. We are very proud of the fact that Mr. Joyce graduated from our High School.

Dear Exchanges,

I take my pen in hand, I do,
 To tell you what I think of you,
 Some shine in editorials most
 And others of fine stories boast.
 You all have papers full of wit
 Which cannot fail to make a hit.

The "Tatler" this time wins the heat
 Because you are the most complete.
 Good jokes, good fiction, all are there
 And so the badge is yours to wear.
 But almost neck to neck with you
 The "Roman" with its "cuts" comes through.
 Then follows after, close in line,
 The "Drury Academe" so fine.
 Now dashes proudly into view
 The "Opinion" and "The Observer" too.
 The "Enfield Echo" and "Crimson and White"
 Galloping on make quite a sight.
 The "Taconic," "Maverick" and "Garnet and White"
 Are coming along with some speed all right,
 And "The Scarlet Tanager" and "Reflector" too
 With high colors come flying through.

Pauline Wagner '24



ATHLETICS

Pittsfield 40—St. Joseph's of Pittsfield 20

Pittsfield High trounced St. Joseph's High, its city rival, in the first game for the city and county championships. The purple and white tossers, inspired by their peerless leader, Captain Dannybuski, outfought and outplayed their opponents from start to finish. Coach Carmody's boys played a steady game and displayed excellent teamwork.

Pittsfield High got away in its usual fine start, chalking up eight points before its rival was able to score. The winners kept up their work and led at half time, 19 to 12. Although Boyd scored a twin-counter in the opening few minutes of the second stanza, Captain "Dave" tossed in two sensational shots and gave Pittsfield a comfortable lead. With Pittsfield leading, Controy was banished and Nelligan entered the fray. Coach Carmody's charges registered nine more points, making the final count 40 to 20.

Dannybuski and Abrahms were the high scorers for Pittsfield; the former made 18 points and the latter 10. Controy, Pittsfield's pivot man, played a great game, especially on the defense. He got the tap at most times, and registered two floor goals. "Lefty" Whalen and Heister played the backfield in fine style. "Lefty", Pittsfield's flash, also found time to sink two twin-counters. Boyd and McNaughton were St. Joseph's best scorers.

The line-up:

Pittsfield	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	St. Joseph's (Pittsfield)	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Dannybuski, lf.	5	8	18	McNaughton, rf.	4	0	8
Abrahms, rf.	5	0	10	Boyd, lf.	4	2	10
Nelligan, rf.	2	0	4	Farrell, c.	1	0	2
Controy, c.	2	0	4	Bridges, lg.	0	0	0
Whalen, lg.	2	0	4	St. James, rg.	0	0	0
Heister, rg.	0	0	0				
	16	8	40		9	2	20

Referee—Herron of Springfield

Time—20 minute halves

Pittsfield High 31—Westfield High 20

Pittsfield High chalked up another victory by trimming Westfield High at Westfield, 31 to 20. The Valley League team, rivals of years gone by, held Coach Carmody's boys in check during the first half, but were fairly outclassed in the second canto.

Captain Dannybuski was the individual star and high-scorer of the game.

The line-up:

Pittsfield	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	Westfield	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Dannybuski, lf.....	5	7	17	Egan, lf.....	3	8	14
Abrahms, rf.....	3	0	6	Jachyms, rf.....	0	0	0
Controy, c.....	1	0	2	Keefe, rf.....	0	0	0
Whalen, lg.....	2	0	4	Stillman, c.....	2	0	4
Heister, rg.....	1	0	2	Mahoney, lg.....	0	0	0
				Bullens, lg.....	0	0	0
				Harvey, rg.....	1	0	2

12...7...31

6...8...20

Referee—Merriam

Time—20 minute halves

Pittsfield High 31—Adams High 28

Pittsfield High won the North Berkshire League honors by defeating Adams High, 31 to 28. The up-county team were victors over St. Joseph's of North Adams and made it possible for Pittsfield to clinch the title. Adams kept in running during the first half, due mainly to Rabouin's fine work at the foul line, but Coach Carmody's aggregation romped away for an easy win during the second half. The local's passing and shooting was of high order. Captain Dannybuski starred as usual, playing an effective floor game and making 11 points. Controy, too, figured prominently in the victory. Besides sinking four twin-counters, the hard-working center played a fine defensive game.

Rabouin of Adams gave a remarkable exhibition of foul-shooting, tossing in 16 out of 20 tries.

The line-up:

Pittsfield	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	Adams	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Dannybuski, lf,rg ...	6	5	17	Scott, lf, c.....	1	0	2
Nelligan, lf.....	0	0	0	Herman, rf.....	0	0	0
Abrahms, rf.....	4	0	8	Tower, c.....	0	0	0
Controy, c.....	4	0	8	Rabouin, lg, lf.....	3	16	22
Whalen, lg.....	2	0	4	Davis, lg.....	0	0	0
Heister, rg.....	0	0	0	McLaren, rg.....	2	0	4

16...5...37

6...16...28

Referee—Finn

Time—20 minute halves

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Drury High 28—Pittsfield 18

Drury High defeated Pittsfield High 28 to 18 in a fast game at North Adams. Although the score does not indicate a close battle, the Purple and White quintet offered stiff opposition and made the game interesting. The pass-work was of high order, but the shooting of Coach Carmody's boys was off form. Captain Dannybuski tallied from floor five times but was unsuccessful at the penalty line. Kelly, Drury's left forward, caged six double-counters, all being short shots.

Pittsfield started off in fine form. Dannybuski and Abrahms caged twin-counters and "Dave" followed with another one, giving Pittsfield a six point lead. Drury got under way and knotted the count at six all. Captain "Dave" made good on two free tries and followed with a floor basket. Again Drury tied the score and Kelley ended the scoring with a double-counter. Score: Pittsfield 10 Drury 12.

The Tunnel City boys started the scoring, early in the second half, making two twin-counters. Pittsfield made a spurt scoring four points also. Drury then ran its total to 28 and resorted to the "Army" game. Controy took over the burden of shooting fouls and made good on two attempts. Dannybuski followed with a floor-basket ending all scoring.

Kelly and Patashnick played best for Drury while Dannybuski was Pittsfield's star performer.

The line-up:

Drury	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	Pittsfield	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Patashnick, lf.....	1	8	10	Dannybuski, lf.....	5	2	12
Kelley, rf.....	6	0	12	Abrahms, rf, c.....	1	0	2
Sweeney, c.....	0	0	0	Nelligan, rf.....	0	0	0
Madison, c.....	1	0	2	Controy, c.....	1	2	4
Rosch, lg.....	0	0	0	Whalen, lg, rg.....	0	0	0
Levine, rg.....	2	0	4	Heister, r, lg.....	0	0	0
				Garrity, rg.....	0	0	0

10...8...28

7...4...18

Referee—Finn

Time—20 minute halves

Pittsfield 31—St. Joseph's (Pittsfield) 17

Pittsfield High won the County and City Championship by defeating St. Joseph's High of this city 31 to 17. The city rivals offered good opposition during the first half of the game but Coach Carmody's boys, led by their aggressive captain, emerged victors. Captain Dannybuski played the leading role, making 21 points and directing all the plays. "Teddy" Abrahms, his running mate, took second honors in scoring, with four twin-counters. "Lefty" Whalen played a dandy game in the back-court, as did Heister and Stickles. "Lefty" and Stickles, however, played with too much determination and, as a result, both were banished. Controy played a steady game at center and caged a floor-basket.

Pittsfield was first to register when Dannybuski made good on two free tries. Farrell tied the score with a floor goal, but Captain "Dave" registered a

pair of baskets and sent Pittsfield ahead to stay. Pittsfield led 16 to 10 at half time. Bridges made good on two charity tosses, but again Dannybuski sank two double counters. At the close of the game Pittsfield was on top and had won the Championship.

The line-up:

Pittsfield	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	St. Joseph's	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Dannybuski, lf, lg...	6	9	21	McNaughton, lf...	1	0	2
Nelligan, lf.....	0	0	0	Farrell, rf.....	2	0	4
Abrahms, rf.....	4	0	8	Boyd, c.....	2	0	4
Controy, c.....	1	0	2	Fortin, c.....	0	0	0
Whalen, lg.....	0	0	0	Bridges, lg.....	1	5	7
Heister, rg.....	0	0	0	St. James, rg.....	0	0	0
Stickles, rc.....	0	0	0				

11...9...31

6...5...17

Referee—Graham

Time—20 minute halves

Holyoke 29—Pittsfield 20

Pittsfield High was eliminated from the Glens Falls Tournament by Holyoke High, 29 to 20. Pittsfield got away in run-away fashion, holding a 9 to 2 lead. McGill caged two double-counters and five fouls, knotting the count at 11 all. The Valley League Boys forged ahead and led at half time 15 to 12.

With ten minutes left to play, and Holyoke leading 21 to 14, Pittsfield fought desperately and brought the score to 21-18. At this stage of the fray, Abrahms was banished with personal foul route and the winners gained victory.

As usual the burden of scoring fell upon Captain Dannybuski, the clever leader registering 16 points. Abrahms was the only other member who was able to score. McGill was the star of Holyoke. The Paper City pivot man made 23 points.

The line-up:

Holyoke	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.	Pittsfield	F.B.	F.P.	T.P.
Kenney, lf.....	2	0	4	Dannybuski, lf....	4	8	16
Williamson, rf.....	1	0	2	Abrahms, rf.....	2	0	4
McGill, c.....	5	13	23	Nelligan, rf, rg....	0	0	0
Merriam, lg.....	0	0	0	Controy, c, lg....	0	0	0
Carroll, rg.....	0	0	0	Doyle, c.....	0	0	0
				Whalen, lg.....	0	0	0
				Heister, rg.....	0	0	0
				Stickles, rg.....	0	0	0

8...13...29

6...8...20

Referee—Risley

Time—20 minute halves

The following hoopsters will be awarded gold basketballs.

Captain Dannybuski, "Teddy" Abrahms, "Fay" Controy, "Lefty" Whalen, "Bob" Heister, "Ray" Nelligan, "Eddie" Stickles, "Joe" Garrity, "Tommy" Doyle, "Sheik" Spall, "Eddie" Ryan and Manager Getelman.

	Position	Games	Floor Baskets	Foul Points	Total
Dannybuski	LF, LG	19	79	124	282
Abrahms	RF, C	17	47	0	94
Controy	C	13	21	3	45
Heister	RG, RF	19	19	0	38
Whalen	LG, RG	17	15	0	30
Nelligan	RF, LF	14	15	0	30
Doyle	C	6	8	0	16
Stickles	RF, C, RG	5	5	0	10
Ryan	RG	4	2	0	4

Pittsfield scored 549 points against its opponents 414.

Pittsfield High closed its most successful basketball season in years. The team won both City and County Championships, and entered the 4th Annual Interscholastic Basketball Tournament at Glens Falls. The success of the team is due to three main things; Coach Carmody's fine work in rounding up a good quintet, the fighting spirit of victory that predominated among the players, and the fine support of the student body.

Captain Dannybuski is considered the best player in the Berkshires. The Purple and White leader received the honor of being picked for every mythical All-Berkshire Basketball team. "Lefty" Whalen ranks foremost among the guards.

The following is the popular choice for an All-Berkshire Basketball team.

Dannybuski, LF.....	Pittsfield High
Farrell, RF.....	St. Joseph's of Pittsfield
Thomas } C.....	Lee High
Butler }	Lenox High
Whalen } LG.....	Pittsfield High
Rabouin }	Adams High
Levine, RG.....	Drury High

Honors seem to be evenly divided for center choice and left guard.

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Pittsfield	Home 28	Wilby (Waterbury)	26
Pittsfield	Away 31	Adams	14
Pittsfield	Home 19	Dalton	9
Pittsfield	Away 16	St. Joseph's (N. A.)	21
Pittsfield	Home 28	Holyoke	11
Pittsfield	Away 38	Gloversville	40 Overtime
Pittsfield	Home 55	Lenox	21
Pittsfield	Home 26	Drury	23
Pittsfield	Away 39	Dalton	9
Pittsfield	Away 29	Wilby (Waterbury)	31
Pittsfield	Home 22	St. Joseph's (N. A.)	20
Pittsfield	Away 40	St. Joseph's (P.)	20
Pittsfield	Away 31	Westfield	20
Pittsfield	Away 18	Drury	28
Pittsfield	Home 37	Adams	28
Pittsfield	Home 31	St. Joseph's (P.)	17

Captain Dannybuski led the team in scoring.

The Peerless leader scored 282 points, more than half the team's total.

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Ye Poll Parrot

Jokes

Miss Flynn: "Waiter! Here's a needle in the soup."

Waiter: "Typographical error, sir, it should be noodle."

Mr. Lucey: "How is your boy getting along in high school?"

Mr. Learnard: "Ach! He is halfback on the football team and all the way back in his studies."

Two Irishmen went to a wake—the dead man having been a life long friend of both:

"My doesn't Mike look fine?" said the first friend.

"Sure and why shouldn't he," answered the other. "Didn't he spend the winter in California?"

Miss Sayles: "Can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

Pierce: "Yes Ma'am. It's a boy that comes to school with a smile on his face."

Overheard in Spanish 2-3

Miss Day: "Translate Backman."

A. Backman: "Will I read it?"

Miss Day: "What will the sound of 'y' be before 'a' or 'o' final?"

C. Rice: "Like H."

Mr. Russell (the day the lights went out): "Repeat that Mr. Johnson."

Walter: "I can't see."

Frosh: "Will that watch tell time?"

Senior: "No, you have to look at it."

Miss Flynn (in Spanish class): "Steenrod, your mark is getting lower and lower."

Harold: "Just like the German Mark! No hope for improvement."

Examiner questioning applicant for life-saving job:

Ex.: "What would you do if you saw a women being washed out to sea?"

Appl.: "I'd send a cake of soap."

Ex.: "Why a cake of soap?"

Appl.: "To wash 'er back."

Teacher: "Define trickle."

Pupil: "To run slowly."

Teacher: "Define anecdote?"

Pupil: "A short funny tale."

Teacher: "Use both words in a sentence."

Pupil: The dog trickled down the street with a can tied to his anecdote."

Love may be blind—but the neighbors aren't.

"Why do they use knots in the ocean?" asked a fair young lady as she came aboard the "Denver."

Sailor: "Why, to keep the ocean tide."

Teacher: "Johnny, if you don't behave I'll have to send a note to your father."

Johnny: "You'd better not, Ma's as jealous as a cat."

A conductor and a brakeman on a railroad differed as to the proper pronunciation of a station named "Eurelia."

The conductor called: "You're a liar! You're a liar!"

The brakeman yelled: "You really are! You really are!"

And the passengers looked in vain for a fight.

A Puzzler for Dad

Little Arthur: "I say, father, is it true that Nature never wastes anything?"

Father: "Yes, Arthur; quite true."

Little Arthur: "Then what's the use of a cow having two horns when she can't even blow one?"

Some Things an Education Does Not Give

A senior from our High School

Was applying for a job.

He had an education—

Why he thought he was a mob.

He cocked his hat aside his head,

And strode up to the door.

"Say where d'ya' get that stuff?"

Cried someone with a roar.

At last he was admitted

And was up before the boss,

Who asked him several questions

At which, he was a loss.

"Were Meccas in existence,

When Caesar rode to fame?

Was Cicero a Baptist?

What was his middle name?

Has Theda Bara got the pep,

That Cleopatra had?

Is Rudolph Valentino

As brave as Gallahad?

Do you think it wrong or right,

To slander our old 'Love of Mike'?

Now answer me these questions,

And the job is yours on sight."

The senior turned away

His eyes were full of mist

At school he thought he'd stay,

To learn the things he'd missed.

Billy Whalen '25

Lillian C.: "If I ever get married, I'm going to look out for a sensible, honest and unselfish man."

Edgar W.: "Yes—and believe me, I'm going to warn that man to look out for you."

(Sara E. taking her first piano lesson, on an old piano.)

Mr. McCoy: "Now the white keys are the natural keys and the black keys are the sharps and flats."

Sara (innocently): "Yes, but what are the yellow keys for?"

"Where've you been?" asked Pat of his friend.

"I've been sitting up with a corpse."

"You have? Was it a wake?"

"No, you old fool, it was dead!"

B. Williams, (indignantly, having just discovered that F. Steady shoots craps).

"Why, Frank Steady, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Those poor creatures have just as much right to live as you have!"

Elizabeth White
Neill BrIdges
Susy STRong
Agnes Thomson
KathrYn Volin

Douglas Smith
PaulinE Wagner
VirgiNia May
ElIzabeth Bagg
Robert VOLk
Earl Wulfe
Sam BridgeS

Parker, (to Miss Mills who has just confiscated his precious ivory cubes):
"Hey, come back with those, Miss Mills, I haven't paid my class tax yet."



Miss O'Bryan (to class): "Don't ask anybody anything, ask me."

Mrs. McCubbin (every morning to home room students): "Anyone want to give me a nickle?"

They Shall Not Pass

George W. Caisse of Lowell reports a Sophomore as saying that teachers are worse than immigration authorities at Ellis Island nowadays—their motto is: "They shall not pass."

Neill: "One of them city fellers tried to sell me the Woolworth building."

Earl: "What did you say?"

Neill: "I says, all right, young feller, wrap it up."

Goodrich: "Why do they put cornmeal on the dance floor?"

E. Roth: "To make the chickens feel at home."

First Englishman: "Charley, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra; one as a girl, and one as a woman?"

Second Englishman: "No, let's hear it."

The Root of all evil.
The Wulff of Wall street.
The dog was Wagner tail behind her.
The Beebe gun.
The (V)Olstead Act.
This is not a Camp (ion) but a Mush grove (Musgrove).
Did Caesar Neill on the Bridges when he crossed the White river?
If you can't do it by Day, do it by Knight.
Virginia May but Edgar Wood.
The Jordan runs dry since prohibition.
Vanny thinks more of her Silvernails.
Williams was ever lost in the Hayes.

Rachel, bidding a fond adieu at the gate: "It's quite against my principle to kiss anyone."

Harold: "Well, let's drop the principle and show some interest."

Our Limousine

Life doesn't seem the same to us
 Since pa has bought a limousine.
 Our thoughts, our dreams, our talk and all
 Are flavored now, with gasoline.
 What joy to see the neighbors stare
 And know they're wondering what it cost.

On cushioned air we glide along,
 The tires, they ain't busted yet,
 There's not a single thing to show
 How deeply now our pa's in debt.
 We look as swell as Vanderbilt
 And ma's especially elate
 Although, she had to sign the mortgage, on pa's estate.

We go out riding every day,
 And you can bet we cut a dash.
 Our life is so much broader now
 Yet, we must admit we're short of cash
 Since pa has bought the limousine.

Katharyn Ryan '25

Blow Out the Match

When you are through
 with a match, do not
 throw it away UNTIL
 you are sure it is out

*Just the toss of a lighted
 match may mean the loss
 of property and even life
 —so be careful.*

◆◆◆

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